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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

CHICAGO welcomes this week the representatives of many of the Unitarian churches of the West. May they go home with renewed strength and a reassured sense of a growing fellowship.

THE Ministry Extension work begun at All Souls Church on Monday, May 8th, taxes to the last limit the capacity of the building. Although it was a rainy night many had to stand up through the first lecture. This shows that there is a growing appetite for an intellectual diet in the world.

THE study of the so-called dead languages, and the best methods of such study, continue to be subjects of discussion in educational circles. Professor Blackie, in a recent number of the *Independent*, brings fresh light to the discussion in an argument that the proper study of Greek can be pursued only upon the theory that it is a living not a dead language; as much alive he says as when Socrates talked and taught in it. The alleged corruptions of the modern tongue are of almost no account as obstacles to such study. The writer has a word of defense also for the modern Greek as a man and individual, declaring that he is as often a thinker and scholar as a merchant. The old way of teaching the classic tongues must cease, the "mere formal drill in grammar rules"; for this must be substituted "living converse with living Greeks," by which, says the professor, more can be acquired in five months than is now gained by the course in the schools covering nearly as many years.

THE Western Sunday School Society that counts as one of the three societies in session this week in Chicago, is not a delegate body. Those only are entitled to vote who pay one dollar a year for annual membership, or ten dollars for life membership. It has done more work in a quiet way for the money invested than any one other society within the Unitarian fellowship. Let it be supported.

THIS issue will reach some of the readers of UNITY in time to consider to their pleasure the following invitation. With Mr. Hosmer as toast master, the occasion can but be a delightful one. The number of invitations already accepted indicate a full attendance:

> At the close of the Anniversary meetings of the American Unitarian Association, it is the custom of the laity to give a banquet to the ministers. The custom is thought worthy of following, and for the first time it has decided to give a banquet at the close of the meetings of the Western Unitarian Conference this year to the visiting delegates.
>
> You are cordially invited to attend this banquet, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, May 19, 1892, at half past six o'clock. This will not be a hotel dinner, but a specially prepared banquet, served hot.
>
> An early reply is requested. Tickets $1.50 each.
>
> JAMES B. GALLOWAY.
> JOHN A. ROCHE.
> LLOYD G. WHEELER.
> WILLIAM I. MARSHALL.
> *Banquet Committee.*

THE evils of society are so closely interwoven that it seems hopeless to try to cure one until measures have been taken to blot out all the rest. Take for example the statement that thousands of little children are at work in factories and in the sweaters' shops of Chicago. Theoretically the solution of the problem seems easy; we have a Compulsory Education law, requiring every child under fourteen years of age to attend school at least six months in the year; but investigation in this other direction reveals the fact that in one ward, and that one of the poorest and roughest of the city, the seating capacity of the public schools falls short by over two thousand of that demanded by the number of child residents. There could hardly be a greater reproach to our republican civilization than this; the absence of educational privileges for all those standing in need of them. We are a long time in learning to live up either to our privileges or responsibilities, as citizens of the most free and enlightened country under the sun.

FEW ministers can record a term of public service to one society so long and so consecrated as Bishop Charles E. Cheney of Christ church, who has just completed the thirty-second year of his work. In the popular mind Bishop Cheney's name is still associated with his famous controversy with his ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Whitehouse, over the regenerating power of the rite of baptism. After his dismissal from the Episcopal church, Mr. Cheney organized the Reformed Episcopal Church, in 1873. After its organization he was elected bishop of the West, which office he has filled ever since. The movement thus organized has not met with much success, and the number of churches of the new order is small, but Bishop Cheney will be remembered as one who put in his protest at the right time against a creed-bound Christianity in favor of a more reasonable and natural faith. Christ church is one of the most prosperous religious societies in the city. An industrial organization is connected with the church and forms one of the most active features of its work, with sewing and cooking school departments and a kitchen-garden. The pastor is a true father to his people, and numbers hosts of friends throughout the city, all of whom unite in congratulation over his successful career thus far accomplished, and cordial hopes for many years of added usefulness in the future.

THERE is something a little displeasing to the national religious consciousness in the thought of a published prayer. We have a volume of such from Theodore Parker which doubtless has served the needs of more than one hungry and tired soul, and we would not say such expressions of aspiring spiritual life should never be put into the printed form. The book entitled "Home Prayers," by James Martineau, recently issued from the house of Longmans, Green & Co., London, will also reach and minister to his own class of readers. Dr. Martineau, in his preface, admits his earlier doubts about giving such publicity to this part of his services, but adds that more lately he has come to feel "some gradual softening of this scruple." Very likely he is right when he says there are minds that need an interpreter in this line of thought as much as in any other. He confesses his own growing desire for fellowship in the spiritual life, and at the same time is "less disposed to trust to its pure spontaneity." "So easily lost," he adds, "are the voices of the spirit, that we need to overhear each other."

OUR Humane Societies often find work outside the realms of social vice, ignorance and suffering which are supposed to constitute their principal field. Mr. John G. Shortall, president of the Chicago society, finds a comparatively new theme for his annual address, delivered a short time ago, in the employment of young children in public charitable exhibitions and the spectacular shows like the "Butterflies' Ball," and "Beauty and the Beast." Attention has been called to the evils arising from this practice, the dangers from exposure, loss of sleep, and bad air which the little bodies must be subjected to, to say nothing of worse results affecting the child's mind and character. This is one of those evils which can not be corrected by legislation or any formal means of punishment or cure; only by a more enlightened public sentiment. A more rational mother-love is first to be sought for, to replace the maternal vanity which leads women to offer up their little ones on the altar of public display and admiration. True motherhood is sadly travestied by the spirit that permits indulgences of this kind.

AT the last of the series of the Sunday evening Economic Conferences at All Souls church a young man, a Russian Jew, who three years ago could not speak a word of English, took the platform and told his hearers what he knew of the "sweating system" in Chicago, himself being one of the 20,000 souls crushed by this modern Juggernaut. It is not easy to locate the origin of this evil, which at first seems to lie in the greed of the large manufacturers, but whom we are inclined to think are themselves also in a measure the victims of a system they help to create. The sweating system springs from the transfer of the factory to the workman's home. The sweater is the despicable creature who trades on the misery of the poor and the rapacity of the rich; a miserable go-between, who disposes of the work that has been farmed out to him, to men and women who have no choice but do it under the conditions he prescribes or starve. Awakening popular indignation will do something to shame this state of things out of existence; but more will be accomplished by the evil results that have already begun to demonstrate themselves in the sale and purchase of clothing liable to be filled with the germs of disease and death. A higher form of selfishness will put an end to the lower, and we need not be discouraged over the method, which has as much providence in it as it has science.

The Federation of Women's Clubs.

The biennial session of the Federation of Women's Clubs, held in this city last week, brought together delegates and members from nearly two hundred clubs, covering a geographical area from Massachusetts to the Pacific coast. The occasion was a notable one, chiefly in this, that perhaps never before, was so large a gathering, of such representative character, convened for no personal and partisan ends,—solely in the interests of a higher culture that makes for strong and upright living.

The term "Women's Club" has a distinct meaning of its own; it refers to no single movement, reformatory, philanthropic or educational, but denotes more than any other, the upward intellectual tendencies of modern social life. The women meeting in Central Music Hall last week represented the very best elements of the life they had left behind them in city, town or village; a glance into their faces showed them to be women of both character and culture, of earnest as well as accomplished minds, of conscientious purpose and noble life. The tone of the essays and discussions was high, though marred at times, as is always the case on occasions of this kind, by a good deal of adulatory talk about women. The subjects discussed had a wide range from the abstract and intellectual, as Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney's paper on "Realism in Art," to the practical, as presented in the discussions on "Club Methods." Central Music Hall is the largest place of public gathering in the city outside of the Auditorium, yet it was nearly filled at every session. The utmost good feeling prevailed throughout the meetings, and though wide differences

of opinion were manifested, especially in the important business of adopting a new constitution; that object so dear to the organizing woman, there was never a time when either the ethics or the courtesies of the situation were forgotten. In one thing the Federation showed itself sadly in need of training, and that was in parliamentary law. The business meetings were confused and irregular, but none recognized this so quickly as the women themselves, not even the satirical young man reporter; and out of the sea of stormy and irrelevant discussion, of motion and counter-motion, the assembly at last reached safe harborage and gained a will that was practically unanimous. "Women know what they want," said Mrs. Croly, better known as Jenny June, to the present writer, commenting on the gains and mistakes of the occasion; and it may be added that in the attainment of what they want they do not override rule and precedent more than their brothers do. Women are as yet too new to the transaction of public business not to be keenly sensitive to the criticism sure to be invoked by the least infraction of the weighty laws of Cushing or Roberts. They take far more pains in the conduct of their clubs and conventions than men do, and if rather self-conscious now and then in such work, are also painstaking and conscientious. The presiding officer, Charlotte Emerson Brown, whose devoted labors in behalf of the Federation won her a deserved re-election, is in many respects an ideal chairman, in her ready memory of names and faces of women coming from all parts of the country, in a patience and courtesy so universal and unfailing that they can not but spring from heart sources, and in loving enthusiasm for the work in which she is engaged. The technical skill and knowledge demanded by her position will grow with experience, and the first session of any body presents difficulties of control and management that the most accomplished chairman can not always meet. So much for the Federation—a word all too incomplete, but the hour of writing is late, and the space is short.

What now of the Federated Woman herself? The *personnel* of the Federation included many distinguished names and presences. Among these were Julia Ward Howe, the most accomplished woman of her day and country; Frances E. Willard, who has done more than any other woman to popularize an unpopular movement among conservative women; that hero-soul, Susan B. Anthony; May Wright Sewall, a recognized leader of spirit and efficiency, whose labors in behalf of her sex have a standing memorial in the Propylaeum at Indianapolis; Mrs. Cheney and Mrs. Croly, of whom we have spoken; Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, and Alice Stone Blackwell, who bears so worthily the mantle of inherited strength and ability in a good cause; Harriet B. Shattuck; Ellen M. Mitchell of Denver, Lucinda H. Stone, the mother of the Club movement in the West, and a host of others. But the average club woman, as we were privileged here to meet her, hear her speak, note her looks and behavior,—what kind of creature is she? On the whole, excellent and inspiring, in spots, quite discouraging. It is not woman's fault, however, that her growth towards new ideals is one-sided and partial; one step gained in in this direction, another in that; it is Nature's way, who meant roses to blossom into sudden complete perfection, but not women, more than men and the human institutions they both compose. The modern woman is profoundly in earnest in the search for rational womanhood, the wish to develop the highest possibilities within her, to lead a life as true to herself as helpful to the world; but high intentions like these are marred always by hindrances inhering in our human estate, to which in woman's case must be added those arising from her womanly estate. So we find the emancipated woman of the times realizing her wish in the most important particulars, but at the same time failing in its attainment, by reason of a hundred little vanities and prejudices that belong to a bygone period. The Federation of Women's Clubs showed us a company of women who had learned how to think, how to express their thoughts in clear terse speech, how to bear their part in the administration of affairs of both a private and public nature. We met there the successful woman of business, writer, journalist, artist, doctor, lawyer, minister; but in nearly every one, we found to a degree the time-serving element, manifest sometimes in an undue deference for certain well-earned names and reputations, a slight social sycophancy, at others in prejudices quickly aroused over trifles, a suspicious fear that certain reform words, such as suffrage and temperance might get lodgment in article and by-law, and an anxious wish to keep things within due literary bounds, the disposition to judge by externals of manner and appearance, and still again in that most incurable form of woman's slavery, love of dress and fashion. This emancipated woman of whom we speak desires first of all, as we have said, to prove herself a worthy human being, but she still cherishes in too many cases a lurking fear that in trying to realize this wish she is in danger of destroying the true womanly ideal. While she talks, and in the main behaves, like a creature of sense, taste and discretion, in others she is a creature of sham and convention as much to-day as ever. Thus when she makes her appearance upon the public platform, in attestation that the reign of masculine tyranny is at an end, and that of womanly enlightenment begun, she appears in a trained gown that the dictators of fashion at Paris bid her unfreed sisters of the boudoir and drawing-room wear. She does this against her own better judgment, her own standards of tastes, solely in deference to the one little tyrant of Fashion she has not yet acquired strength to resist.

A trained dress is almost as much out of place on the public platform, except for the opera or concert chamber, as it is on the street. Conspicuousness of costume is as much of an affront here as untidiness. The woman who appears best in such a position is she whose dress is, from its prevailing quietness of tone and subservience to herself, absolutely unnoticeable. The moral effect of any woman's appearance in public is destroyed by just that degree to which her dress attracts attention, whether of a critical or admiring order. The women banded together in an organization like this could, if they chose, turn the tide of fashion back into healthful and rational channels; they could abolish the little bonnets that serve no purposes of protection, only of ornament and absurd caricature, and above all they could issue a final dictum against the senseless and disgraceful fashion of the trained walking dress. But it is not small reforms of this kind the ambitious woman of her day has set herself to accomplish. She is bent on higher ends, she is storing her mind at a prodigious pace with all sorts of learning; she wants to vote, to abolish the saloons, to go to the university, to become self-supporting, to prove herself man's peer and equal; but more than all this she wants to please the woman who wants to do none of these things, who laughs at and snubs her for her pains. She will attain all the high objects she has in mind, but not fully, not with entire self-consistency, until she has freed herself from this last degrading fear of the other woman. Men have oppressed women in coarse brutal ways that resulted naturally from the vantage-ground of physical strength given them, but women oppress women in countless smaller and more subtle ways that will be much harder to throw off. The Federated woman is still afraid of her unfederated sister, but she will not always be. The world owes her thanks for what she has already done, rather than criticism for the faults and weaknesses that still remain, and which she is sure, soon, to correct.

C. P. W.

A Word for Chicago.

We have never known just how much truth and how much fiction there was in the reputed poor and distrustful opinion which "the East," holds of the ways and doings of the West; but it seems such opinions are sufficiently tangible and important in the eyes of at least one friendly easterner to give rise to an earnest protest. Mr. Edwin D. Mead, whose intellectual sympathies are limited to no geographical section, and whose abounding patriotism needs the whole of his country to expend itself on, publishes in the March number of the *New England Magazine* an editorial, in which he takes up the cudgels vigorously against a certain type of local, *i. e.*, Boston, criticism against the West, and Chicago. He makes copious quotations from one of the last addresses of Rev. Brooke Herford, just before his return to England, who spoke with such appreciation of his own western life, expressing his gratitude that his own American fortunes had been cast, first in that section.

"Boston does not appreciate the West!" said Mr. Herford, . . . "Why it is pitiful, the way Boston society thinks and talks of the West. It is like the way in which the fashionable Romans of the later empire talked of the Germans and the Goths, who were yet stronger than they, and were to be the very makers of the new world." To many easterners these words of Mr. Herford's probably had a rather exaggerated sound, says Mr. Mead, yet the spirit here criticised exists in large circles, and is a spirit "born of a lamentable provincialism and ignorance; . . . the ignorance not of ignorant men, but of cultivated men." It had striking illustration, in the way in which the decision of Congress to hold the World's Fair in Chicago was received by the majority of the eastern press. What has Chicago done to merit such distinction as this, it was asked; what can she contribute to the great show on her own part, outside the exhibition of her Stock Yard industries and her unfinished boulevards?

Mr. Mead has recently paid a visit to the World's Fair city, in the prosecution of his plans for a series of articles in his magazine about Chicago; and in this way a spirit, always friendly and intelligent, has been confirmed anew. He points out with the pride a native westerner might show the attainments of our young city, not in beef-curing and the construction of sixteen-story buildings, but in the lines of artistic and educational development. He tells his compatriots that the two new libraries in Chicago, the Newberry and the Crerar, are "endowed more liberally than any libraries in Boston or New England, and this not by men of the 'next generation' but of the last." He calls attention to our new university and the incomparable names that appear on its list of professors and teachers. To the charge of a Boston daily th Chicago has not a "solitary pub art collection" he replies that she h "a better public art collection to-da when she is not yet sixty years ol than Boston had twenty years ago, the age of two hundred and forty."

Then Mr. Mead asks, "Who a these leaders of Chicago life and Ch cago enterprise? They are Ne Englanders,—almost all of them, th brainiest brothers in the household from which they emigrated, affectio ate subscribers still to Boston newsp pers."

We trust Mr. Mead's article wi have a wide reading, both in the Ea and the West. Chicago newspape should help circulate this latest an juster estimate of a Boston conter porary. We have often thought M Mead was a typical westerner, in th vigor and hospitality of his thoug and the fresh buoyancy of his styl his manner at once so downright an cordial. We have wished more tha once that he were western in truth an actual resident and companion i arms with us; but he is perhaps be ter placed as he is. It would be mistake to have all the westerners res dents of Illinois, or all the easterne confined to the precincts of Beaco street. Each section needs a liber infusion of the element that bears different geographical name from i own.

C. P. W.

Men and Things.

THE telephone has been successfully use in surgery to locate the position of metall substances in the body, thus enabling an o eration to be performed in the right dire tion at once.

AUCTIONS in Japan are conducted muc like American primary elections. The bi ders write their bids and names on slips paper, which are put into a box for the au tioneer to open.

IT turns out that Anarchist Ravachol is native of Holland and not of Germany. H is a man of great physical strength, an once accompanied a circus on a profession tour as a "giant."

MENDOZA CORTEZ, a peer of the realm i Portugal, was recently sent to prison b cause he could not make good a deficit i the bank of which he is president, and th house of peers has since met and passed resolution approving his arrest.

A NINETEEN-YEAR old girl of Cincinna placed a chair over a hole in the sidewal opposite her father's house where Weste Union workmen were about to put a tel graph pole. She sat on the chair until h father obtained an injunction. This is th first occasion on record when Jay Gould wa sat down on by a young lady.

ANOTHER women's settlement is to b established in East London by the studen of Milton Mount College as an auxiliary t settlement of men in the same localit The students intend doing for the wome and children of the locality, what Mansfie House has done for the men, and, as a b nevolent scheme without a list of lad patronesses is an impossibility in Englan the Countess of Aberdeen has been mad president of the settlement.

REV. DR. RICHMOND FISK'S letter, an nouncing his withdrawal from the Unive salist church, alleges as a reason the growin rationality of his religious convictions. reverend writer in the *Leader* expresses h satisfaction over this change, and others a similar nature that have taken place i that body, by saying that, "Much as w need ministers, no numbers and no amoun of learning and talent, if blighted by radica negations, can add any essential strength t our church. I therefore fear that some o our recent acquisitions may prove but appl of Sodom to us."

The Nineteenth annual session of th National Conference of Charities and Co rection will be held in Denver, June 23–2 Among the exercises will be a memorial ad dress to Oscar C. McCulloch, president o the Eighteenth Conference. There will b papers on the various phases of reformator philanthropic work. Among other topics w note "Immigration and Migration betwee States," "The Co-operation of Women i the Management of Penal and Correctiona Institutions." The committee are trying t secure favorable railroad rates. Those wish ing any information should apply to M Alexander Johnson of Indianapolis. Mr Isabel C. Barrows has charge of arrange ments for eastern visitors.

Contributed and Selected.

Some Day.

Pure hearts, vanquished in noble strife,
Shall win the guerdon for which they long;
Sweet lips, dumb in the tumult of life,
Some day shall carol the victor's song.

Souls, now fretted by moth and rust,
Shall in that Some Day, their birthright hold;
Worn hands, emptied of earth's poor dust,
Some day shall joyfully clasp heaven's gold.

Brave eyes, shining through gloom and rain,
Shall see the glory of flower-decked sod;
Tired feet, stumbling in valleys of pain
Some day shall mount to the hills of God.

EMILY J. LANGLEY.

The Alamo.

"Remember the Alamo!" is the watchword of Texans when they would incite one another to patriotic devotion to the weal of their commonwealth. Planted in what is now the center of the city of San Antonio, for nearly half a century, the church of the Mission of the Alamo, for nearly another half century a military fortress, for yet another fifty years a neglected ruin, a military rendezvous or a store for military supplies, the old Alamo has survived the changes of a century and a half, and to-day lifts its gray, battered, weather-worn front to the passer-by, silent witness of the early Spanish settlement of Texas, and of the heroic struggles through which the independence of the Lone Star State was won. This is a land of romance and story. Amelia E. Barr has tried her hand at reproduction of the life here at the beginning of the century, and her story of the Alamo, though somewhat faulty in local coloring, is true to the history and traditions of the time.

In a recent convention of the Press Association of Texas, held in San Antonio, the Alamo was the constant theme of poet and orator. In the eyes of the eloquent colonel who welcomed the association to the city, the spot made sacred by the blood of heroes and martyrs, loomed up as "the beacon-light of the world." The president of the association told how, when a barefoot boy on the hills of northwestern Texas, he heard the story of the Alamo, and thenceforth San Antonio became the dreamland of his young patriotism, the consecrated shrine of freedom, toward which his heart yearned with inexpressible longing, and how, frequent visits to the Alamo city, since the advent of the railroads, had not dispelled its charm or rendered it less ideally grand to his imagination. One of the fair daughters of Texas, editor of the *Woodville Eureka*, recited the story in song, to the delight of her hearers, and throughout the exercises the audience responded enthusiastically whenever this chord of a common memory and a common reverence was touched. At the risk of telling what to many UNITY readers may be a thrice-told tale, I venture to rehearse this story in briefest outline. Texas was yet a Mexican state under the constitution of 1824, which guaranteed a republican form of government. Santa Anna having made himself dictator, and having conquered every other state of the Mexican Union save Texas, crossed the Rio Grande and marched with an army to subdue the rebellious province. Repulsed and driven out of San Antonio in December, 1835, after a five days' fight from street to street and house to house, by a handful of Texans, most of whom were emigrants from the United States, in the following February, with an army of four thousand men he reappears before the city which is defended only by a little garrison of one hundred and fifty citizen soldiers under Travis and Bowie. The patriots, taken by surprise, shut themselves up in the Alamo, within the stone rectangle which formerly formed the convent walls, having the old church, at one corner of the inclosure, for quarters and magazine, and by such means as are possible, with the enemy in sight, prepare for defense.

Santa Anna, in possession of the town, demands the immediate surrender of the garrison. The garrison replies with a cannon shot. Now "the blood-red flag of 'no quarter'" is hoisted above the Mexican lines and the dead fire begins. A brave company of thirty Texans from Gonzales, under command of Captain Martin, cut their way through the besieging hosts and reached the gates of the Alamo, which were quickly opened to receive them. Thus reinforced the garrison numbers one hundred and eighty men. Meanwhile, unknown to the defenders of the Alamo, in another part of the state, the people of Texas, in convention assembled, put forth their declaration of independence of Mexican rule.

News travels slowly over these wide unsettled plains and the convention knows not of the extremity at San Antonio. The supply of food and ammunition grows meager. The gallant Col. Bowie lies sick of a consuming fever in a dark cell of the old church. A party of three hundred set out from Goliad for the rescue, but lack of provisions and transportation prevent their advance. The brave messenger, Bonham of South Carolina, dispatched to seek aid from without, returns, dashing through the ranks of the enemy at the risk of his life, to tell Travis that there is no prospect of reinforcements, that he has but to die in defense of his cause and that he has come to die with him!

The Mexican fire is incessant, but desperate is the resistance of the beleaguered men. David Crockett, the sharpshooter of Tennessee, makes sad havoc among the gunners who are attempting to plant a cannon within gunshot of the walls. The unerring aim of the Texas riflemen decimates the Mexican ranks. But in spite of all that courage and skill can do the walls of the Alamo are crumbling and the end draws near. It is the ninth day of the siege and there comes a hush in the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon. The bombardment is for the moment suspended. But this silence is only the prelude to the last act of the terrible drama.

And now transpires a remarkable scene within the fortress. Col. Travis calls his men together, draws them up in single file and standing before them, tells them of their impending doom. "Die we must! The only question is how! Shall we die in surrender, in attempting to cut our way through the Mexican lines, or in resistance, and in defense of our position, to the last breath? My choice is to stay in the fort and die for my country fighting as long as breath shall remain in my body. This will I do, even if you leave me alone. Do as you think best; but no man can die with me without giving me comfort in the hour of death." Then with the point of his sword he draws a line on the ground in front of his men and says, "Let whoever will stay and die with me, step across this line." It is a sacramental moment. In an instant Tapley Holland bounds across to his side and the rest quickly follow, —all but one, to whom life seems too dear to be thus yielded even in such a cause. Sick men arise from their pallets and totter to the side of their leader. Bowie, too weak to walk calls out, "Boys, be so good as to lift my cot over the line." Then poor Rose, who dares not die for his country, clambering over the walls, succeeds in making his escape.

Three days longer they held the fort, replying calmly, resolutely, defiantly to the furious assaults of Santa Anna, inflicting incredible losses upon their assailants. At length on the morning of March 6, exhausted by the long strain of soul and body, they are no longer able to repel the force of overwhelming numbers. The Mexicans gain the walls and swarm within the Alamo; but every inch of the way is contested with lion-like courage. For each Texan fallen there is a pile of Mexican dead. Bowie, shot and bayoneted on his cot, grapples his assailant who dies with him. Now only six Texans remain alive,—Travis, Crockett and four others, gashed, blood-stained, and exhausted, but asking no quarter. A Mexican officer filled with admiration for such intrepidity asks their lives of Santa Anna, who replies, with a scowl, and an order to "Fire!" and so the awful tradegy ends! A thousand dead and wounded Mexicans is the price of the morning's victory!

A month later when the Texan army under Sam Houston met the greatly superior force of Santa Anna at San Jacinto, the war-cry of the Texans as they rushed to the onset was, "Remember the Alamo!" and so splendid was the prowess of the little army on that day, and so complete the confusion and rout of the enemy that it was almost believed that a ghostly company, the spirits of the dead heroes of the Alamo, hovered over the scene and fought with their brothers for the achievement of Texan independence!

For nine years thereafter, until its annexation to the United States, Texas was an independent government, the Lone Star Republic of the southwest. And now each year when the 6th of March comes round, the Lone Star flag is seen flying at half mast above the battered front of the old church of the Alamo. And there it hangs, mute but eloquent emblem of mourning for the martyred heroes who fell within the walls below. But on the twenty-first day of April,—San Jacinto day, the flag is raised again to the top of the staff, the business of the town is suspended, the schools closed, the people in holiday dress flock into the street, a gay flower-decked procession of men, women and children, on wheels and on horseback, circles in double lines around the Alamo plaza to the strains of martial music; the very spokes of the carriage wheels and the trappings of the horses are covered with roses, and every window and balcony is filled with happy faces as the moving throng pelt each other with fragrant blossoms in a joyous carnival,—a "Battle of Flowers," in memory of San Jacinto!

Coming to San Antonio in search of sunshine and softer airs we have found not only a good climate for ailments of the body, but a good climate for feeble patriotism and waning devotion to high principles, if the patient will but con the story of the Alamo and take to heart its sacred memories and traditions.

J. R. E.

I CAN NOT care much for preached elevation of sentiment, unless I have seen it borne out in some proof as in the case of Mr. Emerson.—*Margaret Fuller.*

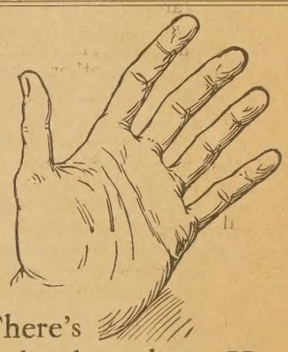
MEN stumble over straws on the way to heaven, but climb over mountains on the way to destruction.—*Selected.*

IT is not enough to have great qualities; we should also have the management of them.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Men make the religion of the world, and women preserve it.

A Plea for Seriousness.

If the common disposition to take a humorous view, as it is complacently termed, has not on the whole made us jollier, let us ask what it has done. It has brought in slang which is depraving speech, and "chaff" which is driving out conversation; in the incessant struggle to be amusing, it has fostered exaggeration to the damage of truthfulness, cynicism at the expense of kindliness, mockery to the sacrifice of veneration. I feel the extent of the mischief at this moment when I would urge my plea for seriousness. The basis of appreciation of the heroic and pathetic has been sapped in this generation; they have made the step from the sublime to the ridiculous once for all, and taken their stand on the latter; there seems to be nothing to appeal to. Virtue, honor, public fidelity and purity, commercial probity, the dignity of office, the sanctity of home, have become subjects of jest; men and women who uphold them are called fogies, or, by a favorite locution of the day, are said to take themselves too seriously. Self-importance is ludicrous, no doubt, but I have not observed that it is wanting in people who take themselves lightly; the attitude appears to me unchanged, but it rests on less solid qualities. The absence of seriousness is seen in our country people to-day in the evasion of obligation: we give our children no training, but leave them to their own devices, and "guess they'll turn out all right"; we neglect our duties as citizens, and place them in the hands of men notoriously unfit for posts of trust, because "the great American nation can take care of itself"; we forbear to raise a voice against practices in public and social life which we privately condemn, for "our mission is not to be reformers." We are loath to do our own thinking; hence we are overrun by a host of little books, native and foreign, witty and graceful as you please, to tell us how little there is in the big books on grave subjects which a few people still write, but nobody reads. In poetry, fugitive pieces and *vers de société* are the order of the day; in fiction, the short story is ousting the novel.—*Atlantic Monthly.*



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Beware of imitations. JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

By **EMANUEL SWEDENBORG,** containing the **UNIVERSAL THEOLOGY** of the **Church of the New Jerusalem.** 982 pages (5¾ x 8¾ inches); good paper, large type, bound in black cloth. Mailed prepaid for **$1.00** by the **AMERICAN SWEDENBORG PRINTING & PUBLISHING SOCIETY, 20** Cooper Union, New York.

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Church Door Pulpit.

Old and New Thoughts about Jesus.

A Sermon Delivered at Pomona Cal., by Rev. L. W. Sprague. Printed by Members of the Congregation.

I know how difficult and hazardous is the undertaking I have set for myself to-day, to speak upon a subject that is nearer than all others to the traditional religious life of the world, and attempt to influence or form others' thought about the central figure of Christendom, especially as my thought differs so radically from the common conception.

It is hard to conceive the large place the personage of Jesus occupies in the general mind; harder still to trace its influence in the thought and life of the past. His image hangs before the world, even in these times of creed-breaking, and thought quickening, as the grandest scene on earth. Through the past centuries the same image has been before humanity shedding its sacred blessing upon all.

The world revolves about its heroes. Life responds to the image of its saints. Where there is a great soul, thence flows the good of life; where men exalt an ideal there is their treasure stored. Jesus has been the ideal, the saint, the hero of human imagination for the last eighteen centuries; and all the noblest sentiments of our humanity have clustered about his name. He stands and has stood in the world's thought as the Divine embodiment of love, pity, self-sacrifice and helpfulness. Mothers have sung to the tender hearts of children of Jesus and his love. The "old, old story," has gone the wide world over, carried on the lips of love from generation to generation. "In the name of Jesus" men have done their noblest deeds, and as his disciples have asked God's blessing and forgiveness. The stories of his sufferings have been told and retold, each time evoking tears from the sympathetic and admiration from the "hard of heart." The story of his death upon the cross has excited awe and wonder in the world. "For me, even me," the penitent has cried in the glad humility of the converted. "For me, even me," the fearful of the wrath of God have thought, and found Jesus better than the Father. The weeping have found comfort in him, the disconsolate have beheld the image of his life and taken heart, the torn and bleeding of soul have looked to him as the Great Physician. Everywhere human hearts in trouble and distress, in sorrow and remorse, have looked upward and beheld in Jesus and Saviour of the world. And to-day despite criticism, doubt and reason the multitudes of earth speak his name not as they speak the names of others. He is still the Christ, the anointed of God. There are few that really think why; but the many cling to the "Master." How often it comes to us, when those used to the older teachings are fully convinced of the modern thought of God and man, and destiny, stop amazed amid their conclusions and exclaim, "But what of Jesus; there may be no miracle; there may be no necessity for atonement to reconcile us to God; but surely Jesus is the only begotten of God, the specially appointed Son of the everlasting Father; I must still cling to Jesus."

The thought of Jesus having had and still having so large a part in the tenderest and noblest life of mankind, let us speak of him devoutly, and treat men's thought of him as we would treat their tenderest sympathies, and their noblest loves. And yet I deem it well to seek the truth. Others may think it best to let the personage of Jesus abide in the heart-life, removed from the thought-life of the world; but as for me, give me truth, and I will trust the heart-life to take care of itself.

"With wider view come loftier goal!
With broader light, more good to see!
With freedom, more of self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!"

I invite your attention to the new thought of Jesus, not because I wish to antagonize the older thoughts; but because I am sure the new thought is enforced by truth and can but give you a deeper and nobler comprehension of life, and larger inspiration to live. The new thought makes more, instead of less of Jesus; means more and not less to the religious and moral life!

I would like to trace for you the development of the thought of Jesus during the Christian centuries but time will not permit. We will attempt that another time. The old thoughts of Jesus we shall consider as the thoughts represented in the creeds of the evangelical churches of the land, the thoughts that were *believed* a hundred years ago, and still linger in some vague way in the many minds of Christendom.

The old thought of Jesus represented him as God, as removed from our humanity, as being the co-equal and co-eternal of the Father. It pictured him as existing before the worlds were made, as dwelling in heaven with the Father; as taking part in the scheme of destiny when God decided to make the worlds and humanity. It represents Jesus as the compassionate divinity, who felt the woes of the mankind that should be lost into eternal death, and offered himself as a sacrifice to appease the offended justice of God. And it represents him as abiding in heaven during creation and the flood and the centuries of Jewish sin, until at last it seemed the time for him to descend to the earth and fulfill his mission. Then on earth he was born a babe, of woman, without a human father, and grew as other children grow until he became a man. He began to teach and the "common people heard him gladly." "He went about doing good," he healed the sick; he rebuked the Pharisees and publicans. He went from place to place teaching of the Father in heaven, and His will. He was so outspoken against the ritualism and bigotries of the Jews that at last the leaders of the law sought his death. And he was crucified upon the cross, laid in the tomb; and after three days reappeared to his disciples, and ascended up to heaven. Since then he has ever sat at the right hand of God, reminding the Father that he died to save the world and offered himself as a sacrifice for the sins of humanity; pleading with his Father to take into the everlasting kingdom those who believe on him. The old thought represented Jesus as being absolutely perfect, as knowing all things, speaking the infallible truth, being removed from temptation and sin; for, even though he had a human side, his deity was his characteristic quality, and how could a member of the Godhead be imperfect? This is the old teaching: His nature was God, his character was perfection, his work was to save the world from the woes to come.

Well! as I say of the old thoughts of God, and of the Bible, so I say of the old thoughts of Jesus. It was the best that could be. It has served its place in the development of the religious life of the world, and that a large place too. Jesus has been the real deity of Christendom ever since his thought of the Father ceased to be of power. When God was thought of as angry and full of wrath, the thought of Jesus came as comfort and salvation to the weeping hearts of men and women; and without the thought of him as deity, and as a mediator they would have despaired of God, and ceased to worship, being given over to fear.

But there are some very powerful reasons why these old thoughts of Jesus can not be held to-day.

1. He can not be thought of as Saviour, in the old way, because man is not lost, and so can not be *saved*. The mere fact that man never fell annihilates all necessity and possibility of an atonement and redemption. We now know that man has been rising from his earliest appearance on this planet up to the present day. And this being true, there is no "original" sin, and so no call for a "change of heart" in Jesus.

2. We have come in the course of time to believe absolutely that God is love. Jesus taught it when he was on earth. We believe that God, of his own goodness, can and does forgive us the sins we do. We conceive of God as the Great Soul that does not need reconciling to his offspring, that so loves us and clings to us that however we stray, still goes with us to bring us back. We remember that Jesus taught so in the parable of the prodigal son. This being true, God not being angry, not needing any propitiation, there ceases to be the necessity, and consequently possibility, of Jesus being the mediator between man and God. He can no longer be conceived as offering himself a living sacrifice for the sins of the world for God does not need the sacrifice. He desires repentance only.

3. Again, the fact that there is not the slightest evidence that any such God-man ever visited the earth, is a strong reason that the old thoughts are not true. It is a hard enough matter in these days of historic research to prove that the man Jesus ever lived; and there is no evidence that a real God has been with us. Even the New Testament is the very farthest from proving it to a thoughtful mind. If Jesus had been really God, how was it that he was not recognized, did not proclaim it? Though he did say, "My Father and I are one," he also worshiped his Father, whom he called "My Father and your Father, my God and your God." And though Peter did call him the Christ, Peter meant thereby that he was the Jewish Messiah, not deity; and there is much evidence that Jesus conceived of himself as the King, to be, of the Jewish people. If he came to set up the divine government in the earth, how does it happen that divinity should have succeeded so poorly. If he was "very God of very God" how does it come that Buddha and Zoroaster and Confucius and Mahommed, who were but men, have had as great or greater power over the world? He was not God or he would have told us so, and we would have found reason to believe it.

4. Again, when I read back in history and learn that there is far from being unanimity of opinion regarding Jesus, that during the earlier centuries when men were still near him, there was no such thought of him as the orthodox theology teaches to-day, I feel quite certain that the old teaching can not be true. For surely if these has been a divine revelation of his person, that revelation has been greatly misinterpreted somewhere. And the great probability is that those who were nearest him knew most about him. So as Jesus, himself, and his disciples, and the early centuries did not teach the current thought of the older theology of to-day, it is very certain that there must be something wrong with the current teaching.

Now with such objections as these in mind the students and thinkers of our generation have gone back ove the whole ground of history, inve tigated every claim of the old thought, studied the true meaning the Bible words, learned the surroun ings of that first century; and, di ging back through the rubbish a débris of time, they have come upo the sublime personage of Jesus, a see him very much as he was.

It is impossible for us to know h full life, his complete teaching, f only a fragmentary record is given u and many of those fragments are f from being real history, but show th work of credulity and superstitio Through the imperfect medium of th first century of Christianity, throug the loving adoration of the few frien of the man of sorrows, and th hatred of the self-complacency of h day, we catch glimpses of the histor Jesus, we hear the echoing sentenc of his teachings, we feel the thrill that life given to truth, convictio and prayer. From these glimpses reality the new thought of Jesus shaping themselves in the minds earth.

And that thought is: that Jes was not God, as has been taught, b man; was not deity, but was h man, with that touch of divinit which the Infinite Spirit gives to a his children. The new thought ca not conceive of the possibility of being both God and man; can n comprehend either the how, or th why of that miraculous, contrary-t nature-way of childbirth. And wit the internal evidence of the gospel as well as the whole weight of prob ability as its authority, teaches tha Jesus was born of man and woma just as all children are born; that h grew from childhood to manhoo learning as he grew, just as any othe son of man must do; that his life fe upon a time of great national excit ment, when the whole people we expecting a child to be born wh should deliver them from the bond age of Rome. The very air was fu of reform,—such air as prophet breathe. The old teaching had it opponents. There was a renewin vigor in the religious life. Men we coming to crave righteousness an not law. So that the tender, respon sive, religious, thoughtful, impulsiv Jesus, with a soul sensitive to th larger needs of the world, and an o ganization that drank in truth eve as though it came from heaven, spok and caught the ear of the distressed and touched the hearts of those wh listened, and in his passionate dream held before them the image of a ne heaven and a new earth.

The new thought does not teac that Jesus existed before the world were made and figured in the counc of the heavenly hosts, which doome the human race to death, but teaches that Jesus was born whe mankind was doomed to rise and wa rising, and gave the power of his pe sonality to help the ascent. It doe not teach that Jesus come to save th world from everlasting fire, becaus there was no need of that, but tha he came to save the world from it own undevelopment, ignorance an indifference. His mission was that the teacher, and of the inspirer. H gave but very little, if anything, ne to the world. His teachings hav been the best part of all older relig ions, were the highest in Judaism his day. But he came with powe and took the grandest teaching morality and religion that the worl had worked out, or is likely to wor out, and made of it the beneficen force of a system. Others had taugh before him, but who put such powe into the teaching! Others had di ciples, but who could send the forth two by two to preach the gospe to all the earth! Others could teac that it was good to forgive, but wh could so forgive as he! His powe

was the power of great soul-life. And the world ever since has felt the inspiration of his faith.

His life was the natural human life. He had his temptations, and there were many times that he was sorely tried. Often did he withdraw from the disciples that he might be alone with the Father-Spirit of Life, and gain renewed purpose and strength. He was sometimes provoked to wrath and vengeance by the wickedness and perverseness of the Pharisees and money changers, who profited by the sacrifices of others; and I love him the more because he was. He was not infallible, but was human. His own great purpose to help the world seems to have been influenced by the *way* the world wished to be helped; and he probably was a victim to the Messianic superstition of his time. He did not have all truth, for it is quite clear that he accepted the Mosaic theory of creation, that he believed in demons, that he taught of an impossible relation of man to man, but that does not lessen in the least the value of his life. He was a great inspirer, a great mover, who simply pointed the direction which civilization should take. His great power was the life he lived. He was lowly and humble. He served the truth, and was devoted to his own conscience. He went about giving blessings to all he came near. He dwelt in communion with his God. He sacrificed life when duty called for it, and left the world the example of self-denial. He was the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. In all things he was tempted like as we are. His death was as all other human death, and his body returned to the dust just as ours must return; his spirit to God who gave it. He was like us only greater, better, more humane, more truth-seeing, more devout. Let us honor him!

Do I hear again the old cry, "Mere man?" Hush! thou base infidel! There is no mere man. Dost thou blaspheme the God that is in thee! What is there in earth—yea, in heaven—finer than righteous, noble, sublime manhood! God may be greater because he is Infinite; but he can not be more sacred. Jesus a mere man? Nay! they who live life as it should be lived belong to God, and theirs is the kingdom of the holy.

The human Jesus, the tempted and sorrowing Jesus, the hoping Jesus, the praying Jesus, such is what my fondest sentiments cling unto. In such do I find my inspiration! What matters it to my life if a God lived on earth and was crucified for me? Could God suffer? Could one who knew the divine end of all things realize anguish! What a farce is the crucifixion if Jesus was deity! What an inspiration if he was human! How unmeaning were his words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," if he was deity and knew ages before that that day was to come. What a voice of religion, if he felt as any man would feel in like circumstances, that the great cause he had championed was to lose its chief witness, that the great hopes he had cherished were to prove fruitless, that his voice ladened with new truth for the world must be forever silent—if he felt the disgrace of an ignominious death as other men would have felt it! His resurrection is naught in the old thought. What matter if God did arise?

His life were naught if he were God; for it is not great for God to put up with the follies of the world, to forgive the sinner, to reclaim the lost. But O the image of the *man*, pleading with the sinful, helping the outcast! Was he man? Then, oh let me try to be a man like him! Was he human? God be thanked for our humanity! Was he my brother? Let me be his brother, then, and do his work! This is the ministry of Jesus, the sublime example of his life! To be his disciples we must "follow him." Oh, friends, grasp the new idea of Jesus, for in it there is truth, there is religion, there is inspiration for life.

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

The Morals of Christ. By Austin Bierbower. Unity Library, No. 10. Jan. 1892. Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Chicago.

"The Morals of Christ," by Mr. Bierbower, has approved itself to the general public as a compact and convenient compendium of the moral teaching of Christianity as compared with that of early and late Judaism and the Greek and Roman world at the Christian era. It was first published some years ago and is now re-issued in a second and apparently unchanged edition as the tenth number of Unity Library, and will, no doubt, enjoy a still wider currency under this new form. And the book is not undeserving of its success. Its style is attractive, and its sharp, unqualified statements will help the reader to a clear conception of some of the main differences between Christian, Jewish, and classic ideas in regard to certain moral principles.

But in spite of its many excellencies, the work seems now to be written from an erroneous and antiquated standpoint. It assumes that Jesus labored with the clear and conscious purpose of revising the morality of his day; that he had certain new and complete theories and principles on that subject which he wished to introduce. At the very opening of his book the author says: "Christ took three departures from other systems—one from the Mosaic, one from the Pharisaic, and one from the Græco-Roman." "Every utterance of Jesus bearing on morals was spoken in contemplation of one or other of these three classes." And elsewhere we are told that "Christ wished to substitute" his own theories of morality for those held by the Greeks and Romans.

Yet if the record that has come down to us is to be trusted, Jesus knew little and cared apparently nothing about the "Græco-Roman" world. He did react against certain phases of the Pharisaism of his time, but it was only to hark back to what seemed to him the purer age of Moses and the prophets. That early age, when God conversed with men, was the Golden Age which was to be restored in the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. The words then spoken should never pass away till every jot and every tittle should be fulfilled and more than fulfilled in the re-established kingdom. He took up the cry and the belief of John the Baptist that this kingdom was at hand. He seems ultimately to have imagined that he was commissioned to usher it in. It was only incidentally and temporarily that, as a prophet, he corrected a few of the many abuses of his day. He could have looked forward to no reformed morality, simply because there was to be no morality at all in that coming kingdom. There was to be in it no relation of man to man or man to woman, no relation of child to parent or parent to child, no giving or receiving, no wealth or poverty, no toil, no sickness, no sorrow, no death. Mankind was to be as the angels in heaven, with no ties save those binding them to their Heavenly Father. And this Utopia, less possible, even, of realization than Plato's ideal Republic, was to be set up on earth within a single generation.

Therefore to assume that Jesus, while indulging in this dream, had a complete moral scheme, crystallized into glittering generalities like those of this book, is to entirely ignore history. And to assume that there was a Moses who had a like scheme of morality is equally opposed to what we now know about the gradual growth of the so-called Mosaic code. Of course it is interesting and instructive to compare the beliefs of the earlier Jews with those of later times, and with the noble but often impracticable teaching of Jesus. And it is useful to compare the morality of the Hebrew nation with that of the Greeks and Romans. But such a comparison, to be of any real and lasting service—to be enlightening—should not assume that any one of these moralities is perfect. It should rise to a higher point of view. It should recognize the gradual development of the moral sense in these different nations and the gradual growth of the moral codes in obedience to the great laws of evolution, judging each particular by the whole history of the past.

But perhaps it is too much to expect this larger light from Mr. Bierbower's little work, when even Herbert Spencer's Data of Ethics is so unsatisfactory. Spencer's work reduces morality too much to a mere scientific formula, devoid of flesh and blood—perhaps because it was written before its illustrious author had mastered the historic facts bearing on moral evolution. Mr. Bierbower's book has more of the flesh and blood of history but ignores the scientific formula which should apply to his concrete cases. Therefore his work will be disappointing to all seekers after new light, however complete it may be from its own standpoint.

A. W. G.

"Ground Arms!" The Story of a Life. By Bertha Von Suttner. Translated from the German by Alice Ashbury Abbott. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 286 pp. Price, $1.00.

An advance circular told us that in Germany this book has been called "not a mere book but an event"; also, that "it has won not only the hearth of the common people, but has appealed with equal strength to the understanding of statesmen and to the moral sense of philanthropists." Just as it has been translated into English (by Mary Asbury Abbott) *The International Journal of Ethics* has devoted fifteen pages to its criticism and approval. A leading German review says, "No literature and no language can point out any presentation of this subject so comprehensive, so exhaustive, and at the same time so enthralling."

"Ground Arms" is a protest against war, and written by one who knows whereof she speaks, evidently, and is not afraid to deal with bare facts, stripped of all false sentiment, strongly and logically. The story is painful, of course, because it deals with a painful subject; but woven in with the horror, is much that is beautiful, gentle and ennobling. One is impressed throughout with the loftiness of purpose of the writer, and feel that she is quivering with life and a desire to do what *one* may do for the good of the world. The simplicity of narration adds to the strength, and the reader can scarcely avoid sharing the passionate protest of this noble woman's heart against one of the real horrors of the world, that too often has been disguised with a halo of glory.

There is no doubt that not only the book but the questions with which it deals will meet with wide discussion; and, already, one committee of The Chicago Women's Club has decided to have an essay upon "The Ethics of War," very early in next year's programme—a live and timely topic.

J. S.

Thy Kingdom Come. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price $1.00.

These ten sermons on the Lord's Prayer were preached in King's Chapel, Boston, by Henry Wilder Foote. They reveal the spiritual realities in which he himself lived, and show a living way open between human spirits and the divine. Though claiming that *petition* is the essential element of prayer, yet every sermon teaches that the prayerful spirit learns to rise above seeking earthly blessings even to pure communion with God as the fountain of its spiritual life; that prayer means desire, not to overrule, but to be overruled by God. The reader is not exhorted simply to beg for private advantages but is led to that reception of God's spirit which constitutes the highest life. The sermons on Forgiveness are especially helpful, showing that forgiveness is not a question of arithmetic but of grace; that the lack of it perpetuates much of human unhappiness and that great is the injury to one's self, of crowding this life with hates and discords leaving no room for serene thoughts. Although the doctrine of forgiveness is claimed as a distinctively Christian truth yet Marcus Aurelius is quoted as advocating even love for offenders—certainly an indication of the most complete forgiveness.

The book reveals the loftiness of soul, to which prayer contributes, and makes the reader wonder why belief in prayer should ever be based upon assurance of receiving material benefits in response to the asking.

E. A. W.

Sunday Flowers for Sunday Hours. By Jennette Humphreys. London: S. S. Ass'n.

This is a collection of short poems, sketches and stories written for the young. Many of the subjects are gathered from Old Testament sources. These are treated in a rational and sympathetic spirit, which will commend them to the liberal reader. We can recommend the book for Sunday-school use and to parents who wish to instruct their children in the legends of the Bible as interpreted in the modern spirit.

The Battle of Gettysburg. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price, 50 cents.

This is one of a series of useful publications, called "Decisive Events in American History." A short, readable account of the critical contest at Gettysburg, which covers the subject very fairly, and to the busy reader, a convenient and profitable substitute for longer works.

The Lord's Prayer. – Last Sermons of James Freeman Clark.

The Unitarians throughout the country will feel personal gratitude to the American Unitarian Association for publishing these last discourses of their late friend. The tiny volume seems a keepsake of pleasant memories—and as such will be chiefly valued. Its special treasures of thought are in the sermon upon Daily Bread—where it is shown that the daily bread most needed is right feeling, right purpose—the bread of hope, strength, patience and of faith,—that even philanthrophy needs religious faith and hope to enable it to meet the disappointments and to overcome the difficulties of life. Attention is called to the fact that the Lord's Prayer contains no allusion to the Trinity, to the atonement, to the expiatory sacrifice of Christ, nor to forgiveness for his sake.

E. A. W.

Periodicals.

UNITY feels it a duty to keep careful record of the progress of the Browning movement, which its detractors call a "craze," but which those profiting by it know to mark an important era in mental growth, the benefits of which will not be easily lost. The *Register* tells the following story of a Browning club in Concord, N. H.: During a meeting of the club the house of one of the members—a man of rising legal fame—was discovered to be on fire. A messenger came brining the startling news, the meeting temporarily adjourned, all rushed to the scene of the fire, fire-engines and hose-carriages came duly, a great crowd gathered, and presently the fire was subdued, with but little damage. Then the greater portion of the members returned to the meeting; and soon the legal member himself appeared, and in his turn read his selection, saying that no trifle like a little fire could keep him away from Browning."

THE *Home-Maker* for May discusses a large variety of topics. The serial story of "The Three Fates," by F. Marian Crawford, still continues. Mrs. Abby M. Gannett contributed a poem, "The Morning Red." M. E. J. Kelley writes about "Vacation Homes for Working Girls," Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, on "Healthful Homes." This magazine is edited by the well-known, popular journalist, Mrs. Croly (Jenny June), and presents a table of contents, readable and instructive from month to month. It contains a *Cycle* supplement, giving a report of women's clubs up to date, and is of especial interest to club women for this particular feature.

AMONG the Ethical Culture Society's publications, of such uniformly high and instructive order, Mr. Charles H. Kerr has lately issued the lecture by Mr. William M. Salter, published in UNITY a short time ago, "Freedom of Thought and Speech." Price, 10 cents.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Jane Austen's Novels, Vols. 1 and 2. Sense and Sensibility. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Half Russia, 16mo. Price, $2.50.

The New Harry and Lucy. A Story of the Boston of To-Day. By Edward E. Hale and Lucretia P. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 321. Price, $1.25.

Tobacco: Its Use and Abuse. By Rev. J. B. Wight. Syracuse: A. W. Hall. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 232. Price, 80 cents.

Ten Discourses on Robert Ingersoll. By Rev. Thos. Nixon. With a sketch of the author, by Nym Crinkle. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. Paper, 16mo, pp. 198. Price, 25 cents.

Not on Calvary. A Layman's Plea for Mediation in the Temptation in the Wilderness. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. Pamphlet.

Beowulf. Trans. from the Heynhocin text by John Lesslie Hall. Boston: D. C. Heath. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 107.

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Love and Law

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Notes from the Field.

Ontario, Cal.—Conferences are not a common occurrence in these parts. As yet, we have no system of local gatherings, and the inspiration of contact with other ministers is seldom felt by the workers of Southern California. But May 3d was a happy exception to the rule.

The exercises opened at 3 p. m. with Scripture reading by Rev. J. H. Phillips, pastor of the People's Church, Los Angeles. Prayer by Rev. E. R. Watson of Santa Anna, which was followed by the paper of the afternoon, on "The Potencies of the Soul," by Rev. A. J. Wells, who has recently left the Congregational church of Los Angeles to take charge of the Unitarian church at San Bernardino. Mr. Wells is a strong and beautiful preacher. He rose in his thought to the spiritual in nature as well as in man. The address was followed by short remarks bearing on the relation of the spiritual nature to the churches. Rev. L. W. Sprague thought the appeal made to the spiritual nature by all churches was their real power; but regretted the usual indirectness of that appeal. Rev. J. S. Thompson urged the thought that the spiritual world is present as the truer and grander side of this world. Rev. J. H. Phillips felt that we were getting very near the essential spirit of religion. He thought we ought to call orthodoxy the new theology, and Unitarianism the old, because, surely, Unitarianism was the older form of Christianity. Rev. E. R. Watson said that we were too accustomed to look elsewhere to find the sacred side of things; while the spiritual life is an ever-present opportunity. At 7:30 o'clock the evening service opened with prayer by Rev. J. H. Phillips. Mr. Watson spoke first upon "The Reasonableness of Unitarianism," claiming for our faith a reasonable thought of God and man, and immortality. Rev. Mr. Thompson followed, speaking on "Present Tendencies of Religious Thought." He proposed three texts for all religious thoughts; namely, Reason, Conscience, Love. Dr. Fay closed the meeting with an excellent paper on "The Religiousness of Unitarianism." It was a powerful and pleasing presentation of a topic well worth the consideration of striving souls. Such a conference can not fail to further the cause of Unitarianism in Ontario. There were present at the evening meeting fully one hundred people who have not thus far taken an interest in our services there. They will surely wish to hear more of this inspiring faith. It was so great a success in every way—so well attended, so spiritual, so logical, so earnest, calling us all to the great work before us that its effect must extend beyond the limits of Ontario. Let us have more such, for the good God likes his worshipers to meet, with spirit (and we had that) and for truth (and we sought that).

LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

Humboldt, Iowa.—The *Independent* prints on account of the annual banquet of Unity church which was held at the church last Thursday evening and says, "It was successful from every purpose for which these suppers and meetings are held. A good supper was followed by a business meeting. This last showed the strength of the society to be increasing and the reports of the officers proved every department in a healthy condition. The Rev. T. P. Byrnes was invited to keep his parish for another year. Mr. Byrnes accepted the trust in a pleasant survey of the work of the past year and also in a few words regarding work to be done during the year to come. After the business meeting closed a short programme was carried out, which consisted of song by Geo. Shellenberger, toasts by Mrs. S. C. Bull, Mrs. G. S. Garfield, Mrs. B. H. Harkness and Thurlow Pope, and a talk from Rev. S. H. Taft. Such meetings as this combine what is best in society, and are social events to be looked on as highly beneficial."

—A strong plea for the Sunday opening of the World's Fair was presented by Rev. T. P. Byrnes in his sermon last Sunday morning. The petition asking that it be open was signed by about one hundred persons. In the evening Mrs. Nourse gave a temperance address, and Mr. C. P. Clark gave a very interesting talk about the Keeley Cure."

—Unity church, Rev. T. P. Byrnes, pastor, celebrated its seventeenth birthday May 4th. Songs, toasts and short addresses made up the evening's exercises. A business meeting followed, in which a vote of confidence in Mr. Byrnes was taken, who was continued in the pastorate another year. Reports and election of officers follows:

—The Humboldt County *Blade* of May 11th contains a vigorous appeal for the Sunday opening of the World's Fair.

Boston.—The Monday club will discuss "The work of the new residence-mission among the lowly." The latest one here is called "the Andover House."

—Memorial Sunday will be observed this year with more than usual interest by churches. The Young Men's Christian Union will have an address by Hon. H. N. Shepard; and special music and other exercises will be offered.

—The Annual Unitarian Festival will, the present year, on May 26th, cousist of a bountiful collation in place of the usual dinner, and a good list of addresses and musical exercises. Tickets to table $1.50, to Balcony 50 cents—a reduction from former rates.

—Rev. Edward Hale of Orange, N. J., will preach at King's chapel about the middle of this month.

—East Boston misses the enthusiasic work of Rev. M. Cudworth's pulpit successor, Rev. Geo. M. Bodge, who has removed to Leominster, Mass.

—With the opening of a new summer season on the coast resorts of the State of Maine a large missionary work has begun—which will, it is hoped, inaugurate several new churches.

—The speakers at the 67th anniversary of the A. U. A. May 24th, will be Arthur T. Lyman, Chas. G. Ames, Anna W. Longstroth, John L. Marsh, Thos. Van Ness, John Cuckson, J. Q. A. Brackett, W. W. Fenn.

Meadville.—Rev. H. H. Woude of Newburgh, N. Y., has just completed a course of lectures on Shakespeare at the Theological Schools. The chapel was completely filled at every lecture with students and friends of the school. The daily papers have given very full reports, and much interest in Shakespeare works have been aroused.

Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.—The Church of Unity, Boston, Rev. M. J. Savage, Pastor, has just sent a generous gift of $100 to the Sunday School Society, which takes pleasure in expressing its thanks in this way. Perhaps there are other friends in the East who would like to follow this excellent example.

Correction.—It is due Mrs. Haymes, who contributed a poem to our last number, to say that the words "They, Shrinking," should have read "Shy, shrinking."

Request:

If Geo. H. Greenman will send his address, the undersigned would like to communicate with him.

E. S.
Box 39, Poplar Ridge,
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The Manager of the Larkin Soap Co. was asked this question the other day. The answer was clear and concise—"Our methods and large volume of business." They do not sell any goods to the trade, deal only with the consumer. Nearly everything we consume in the family has to pass through several hands between the manufacturer and consumer, each of whom must make a profit on the transaction. The manufacturer must have a traveling representative, a jolly, well-dressed, good-natured fellow, whose expenses and salary must come out of the profit on the goods he sells. The Jobber repeats all of this and also makes his profit, then the poor, hard-worked retailer must come in for his share. All of these items increase the cost of the goods from two to four hundred per cent. The statistics at Washington of the last census will fully prove all of this and more too, as the commercial travelers of the country are paid an amount for salaries which more than equals all the incomes of the ministers and doctors of the country.

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Visitors to England are often struck with the dazzling whiteness and brilliant finish of the grand old dinner and banqueting services, many of them centuries old, but in appearance equal to new silver. The English silversmiths have the advantage of a special preparation which has been popular with them for the past seven years. It is not altogether unknown in our country, and considering the beautiful silver-ware that now adorns most of the refined homes of America, an article that will not scratch the exquisite workmanship of valuable silver, and prevents tarnishing, should be as widely used as it is in the Old World. We refer to GODDARD'S PLATE POWDER, for which a depot has just been opened in New York. If you would preserve your silver ornaments and plateware, you should use it regularly. With reasonable care a 25 cent packet will last for many months. If not obtainable at your grocer's it will be mailed free for 25 cents.

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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.

Mon.—The care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity.

Tues.—There is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages.

Wed.—Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.

Thurs.—Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.

Fri.—Force maketh nature more violent in the return.

Sat.—Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when incensed or crushed.

—*Bacon.*

A Recovered Treasure.

I had a sort of throbbing in my head,
And felt a tiny bit too tired to play,
So mother came and put me into bed,
Although it was the middle of the day.

Then everything grew very dark and hot,
And in my ears I heard a humming sound;
I did not know if it was night or not,
Because the room went reeling round and round.

But I kept dreaming, dreaming all the time
About my garden, and the robin's nest;
About big trees I should have liked to climb,
And my new engine that I loved the best.

And in my dreams a man would hold my hand,
And ask me kindly, "Had I any pain"?
And do strange things I could not understand,
And then his face would fade away again.

The sun was shining brightly when I woke;
I said to mother who was by my side:
"I want my engine, mother." When I spoke
I can not think why mother should have *cried!*

It was so nice to leave that tiresome room,
And run into my garden on my feet;
I found my red carnations all in bloom,
And oh, my mignonette *did* smell so sweet.

Now father brings me crowds and crowds of toys.
And rides me when I like upon his knee,
And *never* says, "Not good for little boys;"
So mother tells him he is spoiling me!

—*Frances Wynne, in the Companion.*

Fulton's First Voyage.

When once steam became known as a motive power, its application to navigation was obvious enough. Several experiments were tried, with varying success, to adapt this new power to vessels. Some attempts were made in France, and some in England, the details of which are interesting. The best known was a small boat which ran for a time on the Forth and Clyde Canal, at the surprising rate of *four miles an hour!*

Robert Fulton, although born an American, made his first attempts in steamboat building in England. Returning to America, he made his most celebrated and successful attempt in 1807, launching a small steamboat and running it, to the astonishment of his friends, from New York to Albany. Fulton himself tells the story of his discouragements and drawbacks:

"When I was building my first steamboat in New York, the project was viewed by the public, either with indifference or contempt. It was thought to be only a visionary scheme. My friends were civil, but chary of expressing approval. They listened with patience to my explanations, but a settled look of incredulity upon their faces showed me plainly what their thoughts were.

"Every morning, when I passed to and from the building yard, where my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, and listened to the various bits of talk concerning the new vehicle. The language was always that of scorn, sneer or ridicule. A loud laugh often arose at my expense. There were dry jests, and elaborate calculations of losses and expenditures. How often I heard the dull and universal nickname of 'Fulton's Folly'! Never did a single encouraging remark, never a bright hope or or a warm wish cross my path! Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts or hiding its reproaches.

"At last the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a trying occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend as a mark of personal respect; but it was evident they did it with reluctance, fearing to be but the witnesses of my mortification. I was but too well aware that there were many reasons to doubt my success. The machinery was new and ill-made. Many parts of it were constructed by workmen unaccustomed to such work, and unexpected difficulties might easily present themselves from other causes.

"The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends stood upon the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear on their faces. They were silent and disheartened. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and at that moment I almost repented of my efforts.

"The signal was given. The boat moved a short distance, then it stopped and became immovable. Now there were murmurs of discontent, agitations, whispers and shrugs. I could hear the words: 'I told you so!' 'I said it would be so!' 'It is a foolish scheme!' 'I wish we were all well out of it.' I mounted a small platform and addressed them. I said I knew not what was the matter, but if they would indulge me a half hour, I would find out and either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, examined the machinery and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the works. I had this corrected, and the boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on; but my friends were so incredulous that none of them seemed willing to accept the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic scenery of the highlands; at last we descried the clustering homes of Albany, and reached its shores. And then, at the moment when it seemed that I had achieved everything, I was the victim of disappointment. Then it was doubted if it could be done again, or, if done, if such curious experiments could be made of any permanent value."

Poor Fulton's experience was that of all inventors, whose objects are misconstrued or imperfectly understood by the world. Their best friends suspect their motives and undervalue their attempts. The real recompense is the consciousness of doing their duty; of doing, indeed, only what they *must* do, since that is the work given them.—*Eva Lovett Carson, in the Independent.*

HARRY B. SMITH, the author of "Robin Hood," "Don Quixote," and other comic operas, never wrote a funnier thing than his "New Don Quixote," descriptive of the more recent marvelous adventures of the doughty knight and his faithful squire. He probably never before, like Holmes, wrote "as funny as he could," but this is as full of laughter as a shad is of bones. Send fifty cents for a copy to Brentano's, Chicago.

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BLESSED BE DRUDGERY—A sermon by W. C. Gannett, 2c. mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, Chicago.

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Publisher's Notes.

We take particular pleasure in calling the attention of UNITY'S readers to the advertisement of Hudor Genone's remarkable novel, "Inquirendo Island," on another part of this page. We promised this announcement for last week but it was crowded out by reason of the pressure on our advertising space. The book is now ready for mailing in the paper edition, and cloth copies will be ready early next week.

"Inquirendo Island" was first published several years ago by G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York city. It has attracted comment of a very decided character, both favorable and unfavorable, as will be seen from the press notices in the parallel columns of our advertisement. We have been working for some time in preparing for the press an illustrated novel by the same author which will be entitled, "The Last Tenet." Last month the opportunity unexpectedly presented itself of securing control of the plates of "Inquirendo Island," and we gladly availed ourselves of it, feeling sure that the readers of UNITY will welcome what is at once a thoroughly entertaining novel, and a powerful satire on the conventional and empty substitutes for religion which UNITY has always labored toward making things of the past.

We are particularly anxious to introduce this book to the booksellers and newsdealers throughout the United States, and it will be an important favor if any UNITY reader will bring this announcement to the attention of his newsdealer. We supply the trade at a liberal discount from the retail prices, and to any dealer addressing us with the inclosure of twenty-eight cents in stamps we will send a paper copy of the book postpaid. This offer is intended only for those who buy to sell again.

The damaged paper books offered at reduced prices in a former number of UNITY are nearly all sold. We are still able, however, to supply damaged copies of "John Auburntop, Novelist," and "St. Solifer" at twenty-five cents each, the retail price being fifty cents, and we have lately had returned a few damaged copies of "The Coming Climax" which we will supply on the same terms. We have also a number of copies of Dr. Aaron Hahn's "History of the Arguments for the Existence of God," slightly soiled as to cover but otherwise in good condition, which we will mail for thirty cents each.

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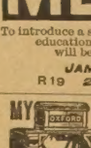

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